

The History of

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath bene the spoyle of mee.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why there is it, come, sing mee a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to bee, vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seuen times a weeke, went to Bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fatte, Sir Iohn, that you must needs be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, Sir Iohn.

Fal. Doe thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, Sir Iohn, my face does you no harmee.

Fal. No, Ile bee sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dines* that lined in Purple: for there hee is in his Robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oath should be, *By this fire, that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; & wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darkenesse. When thou runst vp *Gadshill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire; there's no purchase in Mony. O thou art a perpetuall Tryumph, and euerglasting Bone-fire-light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt *Tauerne* & *Tauerne*; but the Sacke that thou hast drunke mee, would haue bought mee Lights as good cheape, of the dearest Chandlers in *Europ*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God amercy, so should I be heart-burned.

How

Henry the Fourth.

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquired yet who pickt my pocket?

Enter Hostesse.

Host. Why Sir Iohn, what do you thinke, Sir Iohn? do you thinke I keepe theeues in my house? I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so haue my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the tigh of a haire was neuer lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, Hostesse, *Bardoll* was shau'd, and lost many a haire: and ile be sworne my pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

Host. Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cald so in mine owne house before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir Iohn, you doe not know me, Sir Iohn; I know you Sir Iohn; you owe me money Sir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirres to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made boulders of them.

Host. Now as I am a true woman, Holland of viij. s. an ell: you owe money here besides, Sir Iohn, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poore? looke vpon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Nose, let them coine his cheekes, Ile not pay a denier: what, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a seale Ring of my Grandfathers, worth forty marke.

Host. O Iesu, I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a lacke, a sneake-cup: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgell him like a Dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Fal. How now Lad, is the wind in that doore yfaith? Must we all march?

Bar. Yea two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

63

Prin.